

1BASSETT WOMEN

Tape #133

Talk given by Grace McClure at Uintah County Historical Society meeting

Date: September 14, 1985

Committee business....

Mildred will now read the minutes of the last meeting.

Mildred: I wasn't here at the last meeting and these minutes haven't been recorded in my book yet, but I'll read what took place. I guess Wanda took them. The Historical Society held a monthly meeting August 10 at the Golden Center, 2 pm with President Audrey Young in charge. It was decided the Society would have a lunch and picnic at Whiterocks Canyon and attend the Sun Dance at Whiterocks on August 17. The program was a patriotic program, Goddess of Liberty, a history of the United States written and directed by Stella Richards, Carl Southam and Donna Merrill. Gale Bentley was the goddess, Betty Nash, Kay Hunting, Nola Montgomery and Roman Kingda, she was Uncle Sam, were members of the cast. Marilyn Smith was the musician. Children of the world represented were England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, France, and Jerusalem with seven little girls from the Naples/Davis wards. The program was well prepared, the cast was exceptionally talented. The program should be seen by all schoolchildren in the district.

Any corrections? OK. Now Esther will introduce our guest of honor today.

Esther: You know you've all heard of or seen the new book that's floating around in the country in the last few days. Some of you have bought it already and have it read by now and probably have met Grace over at the autograph party this week, the other day; and now you want to meet and get acquainted with the author, so here she is! She's done a wonderful job on this book. She has the gift of gab. Come on, come on, you can relieve me.

Grace: I hope the gift of gab lasts me through the afternoon. Can you all hear me without the microphone? OK, I'll use the microphone. I'm not very good at these things, so if I walk away from it or start to fade, somebody in the back hold up your hand so that I'll know that I've strayed a little one way or the other. Probably everybody in this room knows more about Josie and Queen Ann than I do, and probably you all have your pet stories, so I'm not going to presume to try to tell you who Josie was or who Queen Ann was. You all know they were pretty much local girls from Brown's Park and that their mother was one of the original pioneers who has been known as head of the Bassett Gang, and that Ann was quite notorious in her way, Queen of the Cattle Rustlers, that Josie was married five times, and was reputed to have shot all of them or a couple of them. One "expert" on the Bassetts, not from Vernal incidentally, told me that Josie had murdered all five husbands, one, by sending him out on the ice of the Green River when she knew it was too thin to hold him--very serious about this. That's the way stories seem to grow as we keep telling them over and over.

I was born in Minnesota, raised in Kansas, lived in St. Louis, and then my husband was transferred to Washington, D.C. My husband died, and after I got the five kids raised, I really

didn't want to sit around and start babysitting for grandchildren, so I left home. I did it in a mini-motorhome, later switched to a travel trailer. Now, I live in it full time. Have my winter-base in Tucson recently, and I like it well enough, I'll probably keep going there in the winters. But in the summer I like to toodle around still, and that's a marvelous, marvelous advantage for someone who decides to write a book, because I have been able to come back and back and back. First, for research and then to tidy up loose ends; and last summer, when I knew I finally had a publisher, to collect pictures from Amy Lube, then Flossie McKnight and Esther Campbell and the others who had pictures of the Bassetts. Finally got the book published.

I would think that long-time Utah residents probably wonder why an outlander, who'd done nothing more than go through Utah as a tourist, would end up writing a book on the Bassetts. I'm kind of surprised myself. I really was not an author, this is my first book, never intended to write a book. The reason I was interested in the Bassetts was because I went to Josie Morris' cabin. I'm sure you've all been to Josie Morris' cabin. I love what they've done with that cabin: they've done nothing. And that means that it's still just as authentic, more tumbled down, some of the out buildings gone, but you can still see that it was a real home. You go to some of the national parks and some of the memorials that have been rejuvenated, renovated by local groups, and they've prettied things up to the place that they aren't real. When I was out at Josie's cabin, I had this sense of authenticity. I really started to write a little article for a travel magazine about Josie Morris' homestead cabin. Then I found out about Queen Ann and her rustling and about their mother, Elizabeth Bassett, and realized that it was more than a cute little article about something travelers might like to see if they happened to be in the area. I walked away from it because I didn't feel I could write a book. It kept nagging me all winter, and finally towards spring when I go wander-lost again, I thought, "What the heck, why not."

So I came back to the area. I now have a shoe box and a half full of tapes. I've talked to anybody and everybody in the line of descent from Josie Morris: Amy Lube and all her sisters. Was able to talk to Crawford at length before he died, Flossie McKnight. Got enough together that I did write a book. I want to thank all of you, if you're in this room, for telling me that I seem to have caught the spirit of the Bassett women, because it was with a great deal of fear and trepidation I came back to town.

If everybody had been very polite and tried to change the subject about my book, I would have known it was a failure. The fact that Ohio University Press was willing to publish it is not half as important as what people in Vernal think. Because back in Ohio, they don't know the Bassett women, and they could be fooled. I evidently did a fairly decent job, because the people in town are still speaking to me, and that to me has been very, very heartwarming. You've had no idea.

Go through the research portion and that's just pure marvelous. Then you have to write the darn thing, and that's terrible because you have to sit at the typewriter alone, worrying about sentence structure and how to put all this stuff together. The worst of it is getting a publisher; I was very lucky to get such a good one. But after all that's done and you've proofread it a million times and you're so sick of it you don't want to read it again and it finally comes out in print, then you have to worry about what people are going to think.

It's not like a novel where you can say, "Oh, well, it's just a novel." This purportedly was true, and if all of you had told me it wasn't true, I would have turned tail and run and never come back to town. As it is, you'll probably see me on your streets other summers because I have made enough friends in this town, and been here so often, that now it's a second hometown to

me. It really is. I'm beginning to feel proprietary when I see a new building going up or one thing and another.

Before I go on, I'd like to say one more word about Josie's cabin. As I say, I like it just the way is, but every year now, for four summers, at least, I've been on a picnic out there. You people, I hope, realize what a gem you have there. Not many cities have a cabin that old. It wasn't the original, I would have to look it up, but it was built in the '30's, but to have anything that is that close to frontier living, is quite unusual. You can go a lot of places other than Vernal, and find nothing as nice as that.

When they put in the parking lot, they changed Josie's drainage system. One corner of the cabin is going to give way some day. It's a shame it can't be shored up. I wouldn't go inside that thing for love nor money, I'm sure there are rattlesnakes in there, at least I think there were. But it would be lovely if there were bars over the windows so that you could look in rather than having to peer through boards. I would hate to see much else done to it, but I do hope that if anyone has any influence with the Park Service, that they will keep it...not let that one corner fall down so that this last little vestige of unspoiled pioneer cabin life disappears. It would really be a shame; it's meant a great deal to me. I'm sure it does to all of you, because I hear that it's used for weddings and picnics, of course, by local people and, of course, it's a great tourist attraction. Most tourists through here end up at Josie Morris' cabin.

That reminds me of what I just think is a great story. After the book had been accepted, they sent my book to an editor for a final editing. How University of Ohio, in the middle of the country, picked an editor in Portland, Oregon, I don't know. But it was sent out to a gal called Marty Stuffy in Portland, Oregon, who gave the book a final editing and did a nice job of it. She sharpened me up where I needed sharpening in some places. The fun of it was that she wrote me a letter. She said, "I cannot believe this. I can't believe my good fortune in getting to edit your book." She had been to Dinosaur about five years ago, stayed at the Park. She was with friends, and they did a lot of hiking in the surrounding hills, and they usually used Josie's cabin as a starting point for hikes up into the rocks. Her friends and she had speculated about who this woman was who lived back in the boonies, what her history was. The Park rangers tell people a little bit, that's how I got interested. She said, "When I opened that book and realized that five years later I was going to have my questions answered, I couldn't believe my good fortune." It was such a fun coincidence that one tourist, five years later, finally found out about Josie Bassett Morris.

You wonder when you start to write a book, you don't really know. It isn't so hard to write it once you decide how you're going to write it. The problem with the Bassetts was that the legends had grown abominably, and it's very hard to separate fact from fiction. I've already mentioned the one woman who sincerely believes Josie killed all five husbands. Well, there's a letter from one of them, "My dear old sweetheart" which he wrote 10 years after they divorced. Her first one [husband], Jim McKnight, went on to live, had children with another wife. Nobody really knows what happened to her third husband, but there were no repercussions, nothing in the local papers that intimated that he had been killed.

The fourth one, Nig Wells, is the question mark, of course. He did die after a two- or three-day drinking bout up at Linwood on a New Year's Eve weekend where everybody was drinking everything in sight. According to Josie's family, and according to Ann Bassett, and according to Flossie, he had always been a heavy drinker. His health was beginning to suffer, and Josie had been giving him a Keeley Cure that could have contributed. I remember when I was a kid, they still had the ads in the paper: "Does your husband drink? Put this in his coffee,

he will never know, it will cure him of the drinking habit.” If Josie were using something like that, and it had a drug in it which reacted badly to the alcohol, that in itself could have caused a death after three days of not eating and lots of drinking. So, who knows whether she poisoned him or not? There's no way of proving it now. The sheriff from Rock Springs came out, they had no autopsy, but he seemed satisfied. It certainly seems out of character for Josie, who had a horribly quick temper when she was upset. I can see her shooting him; I can't really see her poisoning him. She was not a stupid woman. Why she would go poison him in front of half the county when she could have shot him so conveniently back in Brown's Park, just doesn't make sense to me. But that's one of the unanswered questions. From that fourth husband, this larger legend grew up.

As I researched, I kept wondering where all the stories came from. Came from a book, most of them. Came from a book called *Outskirt Episodes*, written... I think it printed in 1927 by either a daughter or a granddaughter of an old timer named Billy Tittsworth. The most confused book you ever read. The book was written, or copyrighted by, Gene Tittsworth. It says "Outskirt Episodes by Billy Tittsworth," but I doubt he could have written it. It sounded more like Gene, who copyrighted it, had done the writing.

The thing grew a little more. If you're writing for a travel magazine or a Sunday supplement, you write differently than you do if you're writing for a book. You hit the high points, you try to make it sensational, try to capture the interests and sometimes you are a little careless with the truth, or you don't really investigate it. I think that's how the story seemed to go from the J.S. Hoy manuscript, *Outskirt Episodes*, by Billy Tittsworth, which is full of stuff that couldn't possibly be true. Charles Kelly and his *Outlaw Trail*, you've probably all heard of that or read it. Finally, to Burrows. Burrows repeats a lot of that stuff with no corroboration, and it disappoints a little, because I think he wrote a great book, but he was not careful about getting corroboration. Of course, the only one that corroborated who was in the country at that time was Minnie Crouse Rasmussen. Ann was gone and I understand that Josie clammed up if anyone came near her with a pencil in his hand. So, I guess you can't blame John Rolfe Burrows for taking Minnie Crouse's corroboration, if that's what he did. There are such obvious, ridiculous things in what J.R. Burrows quoted that he should have known better. But on the other hand, I probably made some goofs in my book, so one author to another, you try to be gentle.

However, knowing all of this mish-mush that had grown up, when I went to write this book, I decided that I would try to put in it nothing that I could not corroborate. Some of you local people who may have known Ann Bassett probably know that there were rumors that when she moved down here from Brown's Park, was out on South Fork near Josie's, there were rumors that she rustled or at least allowed her ranch to be used as a rustlers' weigh-station as they were bringing their cattle south or taking them north. Hearsay. No way of proving it, no way of disproving it. So, I decided what I would do would be to stick to what was mentioned in newspapers, in courthouse records, corroborated by one or more people who should know. If I did that, I felt I would at least be telling the truth. I would not necessarily be telling all the truth, but I would be telling the truth that could be proved, and that's about the best you can do when all of this happened so many, many years ago.

Made some mistakes. The worst typographical error to catch is one that looks alright. For instance, I picked up the printed copy and we had all gone over it so many times. One chapter is called "Cattle Trial." It came out in the index as "Cattle Trail." Well, if it had come out as "Cattle Traim," it would have been a misspelling and we would have caught it. Trail looked alright, everybody passed it by, the real word was trial. I don't think anyone's brought to

my attention any other serious typographical errors, except I think you'll find two dates that say 1989 instead of 1889. If it ever goes into a second printing, that will be corrected. So, you make mistakes proofreading.

Made another mistake. I interviewed everybody I could get my hands on, but I'm an outlander and I don't know all the old families. I was an idiot not to have interviewed the Chew family. I had Joe Haslem, Esther Campbell, went over to Glade Ross, got into his files. Joe Haslem, Hugh Colton, all of the grandchildren. Didn't get the Chews, and I'm sick about it. When I was autographing books the other day at Marie Kaczmarek's shop, Laura Chew came in and told me a marvelous story about Josie, so darn good, I think I'll repeat it for you all. Wish I'd had it. It would have been in the book.

Josie died when she was 89. Laura thinks this was maybe three or four years before she died, so it would be when she was in her mid-eighties. Laura looked out the window and here came Josie, a couple of sweaters, galoshes, wool pants, stocking hat, mittens. It's the middle of a cold, Utah winter and here she is plowing down the road the four miles from her cabin. So, Laura went to the door and said, "Come on in." "No, I've got to find Doug, where's Doug? Gotta talk to Doug." "Well, he's out in the corral." "OK, gotta go talk to Doug." And she went out and said to Doug, "Doug, one of your horses is mired down in the marsh, is all frosted over. Somebody ought to get him out before he dies." Well, Doug got in the truck and put Josie in with him and they headed for this marshy place that doesn't completely freeze. Sure enough, there's the horse, it's so covered with frost, you couldn't tell which horse it was. Laura said they knew it was Old Red something because that was the only missing horse. They had taken a shotgun along. They thought they'd shoot the horse. You couldn't tell it was alive, it was so near death, except that once in a while it would blow steam from its nostrils. Well, with Josie standing there, they didn't shoot the horse, they dug it out and they winched it into the truck. According to Laura, the horse lived, but they said to Josie, "Josie, what on earth possessed you to make that long trip through the snow to tell us about this?" She said, "Well, it was a horse, if it had been a man, I might have left him there!" Beautiful story, you know.

Hilda Morgan told an equally good one on the way down. It's a marvelous thing all the Josie and Ann stories, and it's a shame I didn't get some more of them. There's a gal over in Steamboat Springs named Evelyn Semotan. After Ann died, I think it was '59, look in my book, I think that date is right, Avon Chew Hughel came through the country, picked up Evelyn Semotan and they went out to Brown's Park to visit with Ann's husband, Frank Willis, and something came up about Ann's writings. Frank said, "Oh, would you like some of them?" They said, "Sure!" So, he dug out an old suitcase and handed her a stack. It's a little bit of this, a little bit of that. A lot of it has been published. Most of it had been published, very little that was new in there. But when I interviewed Evelyn Semotan, I did copy into my tape recorder one fragment of writing. As far as I know, it was never printed anywhere and it shouldn't have been because it has grammatical weaknesses and so forth. It hadn't been proofread yet, but it's funny enough, and hear[ing] of Josie saying, "Well, if it had been a man, I might have left him there," seemed to have been an attitude maybe both sisters had. Listen to this little fragment from unpublished writings, probably written around 1911 after her cattle trial. Ann was tried for rustling, cattle-thievery, over in Craig and was acquitted. But it was a great furor at the time, and this must have been written after Ann beat the rap on her charge of cattle thievery and is pure Ann Bassett, who, as I understand it, was one of the most vivid women who ever came out of Utah.

When the old proverb of woman against woman gets bashed out and the all-protecting male cease to sit on a limb in moldy smugness and weep salt tears over the fragile female's instability, this may become a cozy little universe to snuggle in. To this over-accepted woman's angle, let me add, my best friends and guides have always been women. Wives, sisters and mothers of the men who were planning to see my shatter-proof hide neatly drying on a corral fence or any old fence. These noble women, and I salute them, were standing by giving a hand of helpful encouragement, irradiating wisdom and patience during the staging of those elaborate tournaments where men enjoyed the pastime sport of having me arrested and dragged through the courts for various alleged crimes against the Lordly Two Bar--many of which I was as guilty as hell. Yet those discerning good women recognize the unfair practice resorted to by men trying to steal range and thereby touching off the powder and causing this backfire of Indian tactics on my part. By giving their jungle mates a few rolling pin hints, they charged to my rescue and went over the top with financial and moral support. Let men brag about their brute strength, yet when they get mired up to the ankles, they invariably S.O.S. the women exactly as I do, knowing when one's knees get to wobbling, they can back up against the supporting cast of women's strength, for despite several errors, women are still a length ahead in this human race, two years old or older.

So that was Ann Bassett. It was fun. I have things in my files, I think I got most of the important things into the book, but you do hear these stories and wish the book could be re-written. I could find no place to put this in the book so it will never go farther than this room, perhaps. I hope that all of you enjoy what is in the book.

I'll give you one last little tidbit. I think this is kind of fun. Esther can probably fill you in better than I on the original story. One reason, the big reason, I'm here in Utah this summer is that I'm researching another book. It will be on another old Brown's Park resident named Juan Jose Herrera. According to Ann Bassett, he went back to New Mexico to help his fellow Mexicans. So I poked around in New Mexico and low and behold, he's a national folk hero to your Mexican people. They were having illegal fencing of the public grounds in Wyoming about this time, and you were having the Johnson County Cattle War, it was even worse in New Mexico. The public lands were being illegally fenced and it was driving your small ranchers, who had been there before the United States took over Mexico in 1846... It was impoverishing them and driving them from the land. Herrera and his brothers, Pablo and Meekanor (?), the three of them, organized the ranchers. At one time, they may have had as many as 700 small ranchers who belonged to an organization called Las Goras Blancas, the White Caps.

They were ranging that country, burning fenceposts, tearing down fences when they were illegally fencing the public ground on which all of them were relying. Whale of a character, and if I can get him on paper, it ought to be an interesting book. Well, the reason I mention this: I've been up into Wyoming. They originally came to South Pass, then went to Brown's Park. For some reason, they ended up in Whiterocks over here near Duchesne and I can't figure out why. Then went back to New Mexico.

When they first came to South Pass, Wyoming, there were the three brothers and about seven other men, and from my research and the land records and other records in New Mexico, I could recognize last names. Uli Bareem, he was an in-law of the Herreras, married one of the

sisters. I was telling this to Esther and to Glade Ross. I said, "There's a Sanchez, that's not so different, but then there's Epithonial Baca." And Glade said, "Epithonial Baca! Epithonial Baca!" There was a bottle on top of a grave, an old musket and a bottle on top of a grave that was found up in Brown's Park. I'm not sure of the whole story, get Esther to tell you, she probably remembers. Inside the bottle was the name Epithonial Baca. He was about 19 when he came up to South Pass. Within three years, he was dead, buried out in the wilderness in Brown's Park, probably around 1872. Ann and the others in the Park had speculated that this was a member of the Escalante caravan, exploratory party, which came through this country. Come to find out, it was one of Juan Jose's friend, a poor little guy who never quite got home again. At least that's kind of what I think the story signifies. So in a strange way, in doing research in New Mexico, maybe I've solved another very small Brown's Park mystery. Thank you for listening.

If any of you have any questions, I'd be glad to answer them.

(question, not intelligible)

Grace: My book on the Bassetts? I start when the Bassetts are living in Arkansas. A lot of this is based on family tradition from Crawford McKnight and the other McKnights. Why they were there, came here, I've gone back into. I've written to Little Rock and gotten everything I could in Arkansas, taken through the early years on the plains when Elizabeth Bassett was managing the cattle ranch. Herb was a bookish, quiet, gentle man, who knew nothing about cattle, who wasn't very well. He was great at typical farming tasks: he built outbuildings; he pruned fruit trees; he liked to experiment with grafting, according to Edna Bassett Hayworth, but he was no cowman. And Elizabeth was a cowman and she was the one that got the original herd together. She was the one, who, in concert with other names you may know, Matt Rash, Isom Dart, Jim McKnight, was running cattle in Brown's Park.

After Elizabeth died, she died at 37, the other men helped until the Bassett boys themselves were old enough to handle the herd. In the meantime, Tom Horn came through the country, killed Matt Rash and Isom Dart. Matt Rash had been Ann's sweetheart and from then on, Ann hated Two Bar with a passion. Two Bar was a ranch just outside the park owned by a Wyoming tycoon named Ora Heeley. Ann did all she could to kill every one of Ora Heeley's cows which wandered into Brown's Park. From then on, she was his enemy. She was eventually arrested and charged with cattle thievery, was declared innocent. She says in this little excerpt that she was as guilty as hell, and she probably was, but according to the jurors, they didn't prove it in court.

She had married Hi Bernard. That marriage ended in divorce. She married a cowboy named Frank Willis, went on live in many places, California, Arizona. They eventually came back into the Leeds area and did some mining. Frank was a mining man and he was a government inspector at times with one thing and another, and they retired in Brown's Park.

Josie, in the meantime, had lived what I call a wandering life. She left Brown's Park after her first divorce from Jim McKnight. They weren't getting along, but he wanted to sell her ranch and start a saloon in Vernal, and I know she was later a bootlegger, but Josie was not a drinking woman and she hated town-life. However, after the divorce, she did leave Brown's Park, lived in Craig, Rawlins, Rock Springs during the years her boys were in school. When the boys were out of school, by this time she'd gone through husbands, that's three all total, she came back to the Park with her fourth husband, Nig Wells. Lived there until his death and then came

down at the age of 49, homesteaded out where her cabin is now, lived out there almost 50 years and with none of the modern conveniences. She was driving her wagon into town when everybody else was driving automobiles.

The book goes all through that period, including the later years of Ann Bassett and of Josie and her life out there, her bootlegging, her own cattle trial and eventually her death. There is a crazy little appendix in the back, and that's the one violent criticism I got from an old-timer around here. He said it wasn't true, it was all wrong. Frank Willis had a photographic memory and he wrote a story, typed, which ended up in the Historical Society files in Denver, been put there by a historian called J. Monaghan. And Ann, according to a letter she wrote to Esther Campbell, said, "Frank has finished his manuscript. I'm sending it to you without any proofreading." Ann was a rotten speller, but nothing to compare to what Frank Willis did. Marvelous story, great recall, but his spelling was just something you couldn't believe, so I chopped the worst of the spelling so it's readable. Aside from that, I really wanted it in the book because it makes no sense standing by itself, it doesn't make much sense. When you know the characters, then all of these stories are just pure gold and I'm still glad I put it in. That's basically what the book is about. Gee, that was a long, long answer, wasn't it?

(Unintelligible question)

Grace: There wasn't any homesteading ground left in Brown's Park. By this time, Josie had no money. She had been living... She had been running boarding houses in town while she was educating her kids, but she didn't have any money for a new ranch to buy. She had to homestead. She came down here with her stock. I think they boarded their stock with Joe Haslem that first winter. She got on a horse and she was going all over this country looking for some piece of ground still available for homestead. That's why she came here. That's why you now have Josie Morris' cabin instead of having it up in Brown's Park. If there'd been land up there, I'm sure she would have taken it.

(Unintelligible question)

Grace: She did that her first winter. Ben Morris had been working for Nig Wells and her over in the Park. They'd rented the old Davenport place. Nig Wells died in January and at the end of the next summer, probably because their lease on the Davenport place was... Well, and you have rent land all your life, you want to own land. She came on down to Vernal and eventually homesteaded where her cabin now is. Ben Morris was with her. During that first year here in Vernal, she married Ben Morris. I don't quite know how long the marriage lasted, I understand it ended rather dramatically. This is in the book. Ben told them down at Jensen Store, she gave him five minutes and he still had four minutes left. She probably... I don't know why she married him. Actually, her reputation would have been much better if she had just had affairs. Well, it would have been, but she kept getting married! And five marriages is an awful lot of marriages. Yet, I think, basically, she felt comfortable married. Her father was a highly religious man. Josie, herself, read the Bible a lot. I think she felt good when she was married and not good when she wasn't married. I think she finally gave up on getting married. I think this is in the book. She told Joe Haslem once, she was a good judge of men but a poor judge of husbands. I think she had the one last affair...

SIDE TWO

...the time of Ed Lewis. They were still friends, incidentally, as long as they were both around, and she didn't shoot him!

(Unintelligible question)

Grace: I felt the spelling was so bad, his worst problem, and it came in almost every sentence--I didn't change the sentence structure or the grammatical problems or just plain misspellings, but he never dropped an "e" from a verb. H-A-V-E-I-N-G is having instead of H-A-V-I-N-G. Well, when you have three verbs in seven lines or four lines, all of them H-A-V-E-I-N-G, it comes out wrong! It really was hard to read, so I did change the spelling and drop those e's, that's basically what I did. I didn't change his wording or try to pretty him up. So, if you read the appendix, you're reading Frank Willis, but you're not seeing all those blasted e's that he didn't drop when he added -ing.

(Unintelligible question)

Grace: Edith is a great gal. Incidentally, she's doing fine out in California, I recently heard from her. Edith told me that story, but when we listened to it on the tape, she didn't say that Queen Ann said, quote, "That's Butch Cassidy. " The way Edith told the story to me, she assumed, or speculated, that it was Butch Cassidy, and, again, I tried to leave things out that I couldn't prove or didn't have corroboration. I missed a couple of good stories that way, but I just couldn't use that if I was going to stick to the rule. I did mention other things about Butch Cassidy in my book which seemed born out by other things that had been published. For instance, Esther Campbell put on a skit one time for a group down in, where was it, Esther, Craig? Maybell? Yeah. And it was an re-enactment of "The Outlaw's Thanksgiving Dinner." Well, the only source for that was Ann Bassett, and the one thing you didn't do was listen to everything Ann Bassett said because she always prettied the stories up. However, I had gone through enough of Ann's writings that the family owned, where Josie in the margin would say, "It's a lie," "Tummy Rot." Once she said, "Bull shit," "No, this isn't true." The fact that Josie went to the Outlaw's Thanksgiving Dinner and attended it and didn't sit there and tell Esther, "This is another of Ann's foolishness," I decided there must have been a Thanksgiving Dinner. When I went to write it I could just copy Ann's description, which she sent to Esther. Ann remembered what they had for dinner. Well, I don't believe Ann remembered that they had blue-point oysters. That's all right, I can believe that Ann remembered that Esther Davenport had this beautiful dress because Ann was clothes-conscious all her life, and there were touches in there that were so authentic you just couldn't, couldn't pass them by. Butch Cassidy pouring coffee, reaching over the guests. Well, you know, that's something you don't make up, you don't think up, unless it happened.

(Unintelligible question)

Grace: If Doris Burton would be nice enough to step up here, tell me the story she told me in the car on the way over of, you know what Josie was using the sugar for, it was some of the best apricot brandy in the country. Doris has another story about that. Would you mind telling them, Doris? No, I'm using the wrong name, I'm bad at names. No, who did we bring in our car? I've

got the names mixed up. Hilda! Hilda! Come on up, Hilda, I'm sorry! I'm terrible at names. This is another just beautiful story and I think it's a good way to end the afternoon. Here, here's the microphone.

(Story inaudible)

Woman: I think we should all give the ladies a hand. Does anyone else have anything they would like to say about anything? I hope we all realize how lucky we are to have such a lady with such a personality to be able to come and talk to us today. It has made a very eventful meeting and we do appreciate her very much. I'd like you to all look at her book and see...

(comment)

...and how much are they? We appreciate you all being here today and don't forget the trip next Saturday, we'll leave at 8:00 and fare will be \$3. Thanks a lot.